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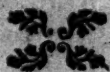
O N

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

B Y

JOHN AUTHER, PHILOMUSUS.

12



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MDCCLXXVII.

P. O. BOX 1

ON

VARIOUS OCCASIONS

BY

JOHN A. T. HENRY, F.R.S.

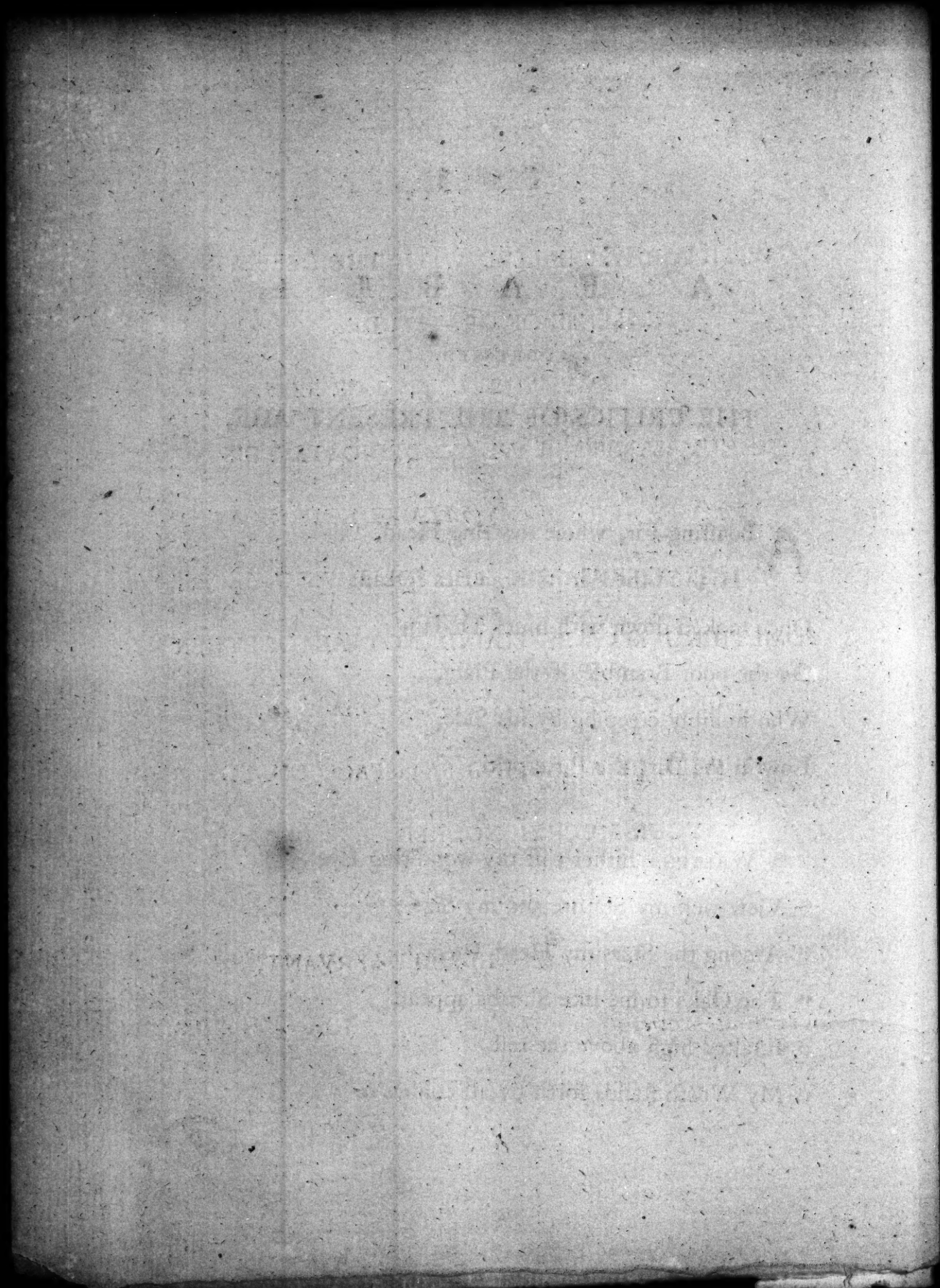


WITH A HEART FILLED WITH THE DEEPEST
SENSE OF GRATITUDE
TO YOU, MY WORTHY SUBSCRIBERS,
I HUMBLY BEG LEAVE TO DEDICATE THIS
OFFSPRING OF MY LEISURE HOURS.
AND IF, IN PERUSAL OF THE FOLLOWING PIECES,
SOMETHING MAY BE FOUND NOT ALTOGETHER
UNWORTHY OF YOUR APPROBATION,
IT WILL BE A LASTING SATISFACTION TO
YOUR MUCH-HONOURED
AND MOST OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

JOHN AUTHER.

WALTHAM-ABBAY,
JULY 7, 1776.



A F A B L E,

ADDRESSED TO

THE CRITICS OF THE PRESENT AGE,

A Boasting Fir, whose tow'ring Head,
High in the Air its Branches spread;
Once looked down with much Disdain
On the poor Bramble of the Plain,
Who humbly creeping by his Side,
Low in the Dirt the Fir espy'd,

“ WRETCH! hither cast thy wond'ring Eyes,
“ View well my Stature and my Size ;
“ Among the Stars my Head I rear,
“ The Oaks to me like Shrubs appear,
“ Exalted high above the rest,
“ My Worth stands forth by all confess'd.

“ If so, vile Bramble, what must be

“ The Contrast between You and Me !”

THUS said the Fir.—With decent Pride

The modest Bramble this reply'd :

“ Aspiring Tree ! indeed 'tis true,

“ I cannot hope to rival You ;

“ To me Fate never gave the Pow'r

“ Above the lofty Clouds to soar ;

“ My humble Station well I know

“ Is to unheeded creep below.

“ Yet when our Master comes to see

“ Thy boasted Height, O foolish Tree !

“ What will this Vaunting then avail,

“ Cut down, and dragg'd away for Sale,

“ At such a Time, most mighty Sir,

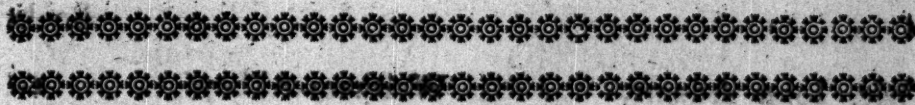
“ A Bramble's safer than a Fir.”

CRITICS OF THE PRESENT AGE.

ix

YE Critics, whose all-piercing Sight
Can bring each latent Fault to light ;
For once, O Sages, deign to hear
The lowly Bramble's earnest Pray'r.
May you the grov'ling Thing pass by,
Unheeded let it live or die.
Lo! in the Grove what Numbers rise,
Of a majestic Form and Size :
The lofty Fir, the sturdy Oak,
Stand fairest for a Critic's Stroke.
And other Trees, long rooted there,
Unmov'd the dreadful Blow may bear.

The first of these is the fact that the present age is a
time of great change and transition. The old order is passing
away, and a new one is coming into being. This is true in
every department of life. In politics, in religion, in
science, in art, in literature, in every sphere of human
activity, there is a great and rapid change. The old
ideas, the old institutions, the old customs, are all
being questioned and are fast disappearing. A new
order of things is being established, and with it new
ideas, new institutions, new customs. This is the
character of the present age, and it is the cause of
all the confusion and uncertainty which we see around
us. We are living in a time of great transition, and
we are all of us feeling the influence of this transition.
We are all of us feeling the old order passing away,
and the new order coming into being. We are all of us
feeling the great change which is taking place in every
department of life. We are all of us feeling the
confusion and uncertainty which are the result of this
great change. We are all of us feeling the influence of
this transition, and we are all of us feeling the
influence of the new order which is coming into being.



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V I S I O N.

SATIRE, avaunt ! seek out some dismal Cell :

Mayst thou with dark Oblivion ever dwell.

Come Flatt'ry, come, thou Fancy-pleasing Guest,

And take a full Possession of my Breast ;

Be thou my Muse ; and oh ! propitious hear

The Poet's Voice, and listen to his Pray'r :

Teach me some Portion of thy wond'rous Art

To charm, to soothe, and captivate the Heart.

Oft have I, Goddess, curst thy potent Reign,

With Indignation view'd thy splendid Train :

Lur'd by the charming Voice of homely Truth,

I to her Dictates gave my early Youth ;

B

Each

Each mental Force employ'd to sound her Fame,

And built my Hopes upon her glorious Name,

But wiser grown, by sage Experience find,

She's treated as a Foe to Human-kind :

No more in search of Truth, my wand'ring Feet

Shall err, to find her unknown, dark Retreat.

Hail, Flatt'ry, hail ! alone, with sov'reign Sway,

Rule thou, and I thy pleasing Pow'r obey.

Thus far I said—when lo ! a heav'nly Sight

O'erpower'd my swimming Senses with Delight,

Serenely awful seem'd the glorious Maid,

I lowly bow'd—and thus the Vision said :

“ MORTAL, beware ! nor in an evil Hour

“ Thyself submit to Flatt'ry's magic Pow'r ;

“ Smooth seems the Road, and soft her silken Chain,

“ She points to Pleasure, and she points to Gain ;

“ With

- " With artful Looks the Sorceress can charm,
 " And every virtuous Faculty disarm :
 " But when she speaks ! what Rapture fills each Part,
 " What Music captivates the willing Heart !
 " Conscience she stills, and each intruding Guest
 " The soft Infection lulls to fatal Rest ;
 " Mortal, beware ! flee from her deadly Wiles,
 " Destruction waits upon her silent Smiles :
 " To stop thy wild Career, from Jove I came,
 " His darling Handmaid—Reason is my Name.
 " Behold this Mirror ! to thy Trust 'tis giv'n ;
 " Observe it well, it is the Gift of Heav'n.
 " View'd in this Glass, each Action shall appear
 " Free from Disguise ; no Room for Flatt'ry here :
 " Examine first thyself, then others try
 " In the Reflector of Sincerity.
 " Let this a faithful Monitor remain ;
 " 'Twill every hypocritic Thought explain ;

" Rightly apply'd, it searches ev'ry Part,

" And open lays each Movement of the Heart."

No more she said, but instantly withdrew,

And in a Moment vanish'd from my View.

APPROACH, ye Great ! fond of your fanfy'd Worth,

Exalted Stations, and superior Birth :

Whose selfish Views, whose fordid Souls proclaim

The Sons unworthy of their Father's Name—

YE who on high the trembling Scales suspend,

Yet far from Justice your foul Maxims tend ;

Who at the Nod of Pow'r subject the Laws,

Or crush them to obtain some fav'rite Cause—

YE proud Divines, that grasp at Wealth and Ease,

Who, more than God, your Patrons strive to please ;

To Hirelings leave the poor forsaken Sheep,

Or, Wolf-like, rob the Fold you're sworn to keep—

YE

Ye wealthy Ones, who scorn th' industrious Poor,
 And send the Needy sorrowing from your Door ;
 In vain the Heart-felt Groan, the copious Tear,
 The Orphan's cries, the wretched Widow's Pray'r,
 United strive to melt a Heart of Stone ;
 The Miser lives but for himself alone.

If in this Day, this wise, enlighten'd Age,
 Such complicated Crimes and Follies rage ;
 If Men like these exist, here may they see
 Each for himself his own Deformity.

APPROACH, thou Sophist—who, to be thought wise,
 The Book of Revelation durst despise.
 Vain Man, canst thou, with all thy boasted Skill,
 Fathom the Depth of God's eternal Will ?
 Think'st thou, proud Mortal, Knowledge is alone
 Center'd in thee, and only by thee known ?

Vain

Vain Thought! be humbled—Lo! the Hand of Fame
 Points **Newton** out, and **Locke's** immortal Name
 To them great Nature's Laws were open laid,
 And her most secret Works by them display'd:
 Yet all their glorious Studies serv'd to raise
 A brighter Column to th' Almighty's Praise.
 Deluded Wretch! my faithful Mirror see,
 Nor stay to view thy vile Deformity.

ADVANCE, thou gloomy Son of endless Care,
 Upon thy Brow sit Horror and Despair:
 Why hast thou left thy peaceful Hut and Awl?
 Why like a Fury in the Meadows bawl,
 And rashly comment on th' Apostle Paul?
 Art thou alone commission'd from on high
 T' unfold the hidden Secrets of the Sky?
 Hast thou the daring Impudence or Skill
 To sound Predestination, or Free-Will?

Dar'ft thou Damnation hurl throughout the Land,
 And wrest the Bolt from great Jehovah's Hand?
 The learn'd **Expositor**, in ev'ry Age,
 Hath trembling view'd the sacred mystic Page:
 And though God's Ministers agree to rest
 These awful Secrets in th' Eternal's Breast;
 Yet thou (inflam'd by self Conceit and Pride)
 With vain Attempts would draw the Veil aside;
 Confine Heaven's Love to thy deluded Sect,
 The only Righteous, and the true Elect:
 Uncharitable Man—Go, onward pass,
 Nor with thy tainted Breath pollute the Glass.

COME, vile AVARO, leave thy darling Store,
 For ever hoarding, yet for ever poor;
 Doth thy voracious Appetite still crave,
 Unsatisfy'd, like the insatiate Grave?
 Gods! grant his full Desire, increase his Pelf,
AVARO, then, perhaps, may starve himself:

Come

Come hither, Fool, in this Reflector see
 Thy Wretchedness, and Fate's severe Decree.
 Nay, look—Why start away, wild with Despair,
 Art thou afraid to view thy Son and Heir?
 Lo! with what courtly Mien and Complaisance
 He foremost leads the sprightly moving Dance.
 Now the Pantheon, or the Masquerade,
 Unfold their Joys to bless the spendthrift Blade:
 Subdu'd by wanton Smiles and artful Charms,
 See! now he riots in an Harlot's Arms;
 Not all thy countless Store can gratify
 Her hellish Pride; or half her Wants supply:
 His Time he spends in jovial gay Delight,
 Sports crown the Morn, and Lust the conscious Night;
 'Till in an hapless Hour, he finds too late,
 Unpity'd his forlorn and ruin'd State.
 Last Scene of all, behold him anxious stand
 At Fortune's Altar.—In his trembling Hand

The

The Box he shakes, resolv'd his All to try,
 On the precarious Movement of a Die.—
 'Tis gone ! devoid of Reason, Wealth, or Friends,
 With his own Hands his hated Life he ends.
 Go, Miser, go; my Mirror shews too clear
 The End of all thy avaricious Care.—

WHAT Thing is this that comes with haughty Stride,
 And spurns the Ground he treads ? 'Tis Fiend-like Pride:
 Come here, vain Man ! vain of thy titled Birth !
 Know thou art Dust, and shalt return to Earth :
 Or art thou one, who, dead to honest Shame,
 Hast sold thy Country to procure a Name ?
 Or art thou gorg'd, like a vile savage Beast,
 With Spoils torn from the desolated East ?
 If so, approach—come, take a nearer Sight,
 This Glas will bring thine inmost Thoughts to light;
 See ! how he shakes ! see, how his Eye-balls roll,
 And Conscience harrows up his stubborn Soul.—

View'st thou the Plain where famish'd Thousands lay
 To thy unfeeling Avarice a Prey?
 Dost thou depose, murder'd Chiefs behold,
 An Empire ruin'd to increase thy Gold?
 Turn not away! with Terror arm'd and Dread,
 Lo! Vengeance hovers o'er thy impious Head;
 Stern Justice waits to strike the heavy Blow
 That sends thee howling to the Shades below.

With sounding Trumpets and with rattling Drums,
 Clad in the Pomp of War, the Hero comes.
 Ambition fills his Heart without Controul,
 And guards the Av'nues of his haughty Soul;
 Lest Heaven-born Pity in some tender Hour,
 Should gently lure him to her God-like Pow'r,
 Should in Compassion to the human Kind,
 Shed her sweet Influence o'er his cruel Mind.
 In his right Hand he wields the conqu'ring Sword,
 And trembling Nations own him for their Lord.

Cannot

Cannot my Mirror catch his soaring Eyes ?
 Disdaining Earth, he darts them on the Skies:
 For once, Oh! mighty Hero, stoop and see
 The dreadful State of prosp'rous Tyranny.
 Amaz'd he stands! What Vision can controul
 Or thus appall thy daring, fearless Soul?
 The Spot he views, where CÆSAR, great and good,
 At POMPEY'S Feet lay weltring in his Blood;
 He sees the bold Assassins round him stand,
 Each with a purpled Dagger in his Hand:
 Without Remorse, their Friend, their Patron dies;
 To free imperial Rome, he falls a Sacrifice.

In the bright Temple of immortal Fame
 Shines with such Lustre thy recorded Name?
 Or grant it does, may not some sudden Stroke
 Release the Nations from the galling Yoke?
 Or should thy Life stretch to its utmost Span,
 Yet die thou must, for know, thou art but Man:

When Death, terrific Death, all-conqu'ring Foe,
In Pity to the World, shall strike the Blow,
Thy Mem'ry and tyrannic Deeds shall be
Inroll'd in the dark Book of Infamy.—
Go, seek thy People's Love, 'tis that alone
Will on a steady Basis fix thy Throne.

With brazen Front, and strange distorted Face,
With all the wond'rous Arts of vile Grimace,
See! Fashion comes, that vain prepost'rous Ape,
For-ever shifting his fantastic Shape.—
Gods! that BRITANNIA'S Sons, whose War-like Fame,
Whose glorious Deeds procur'd a deathless Name;
Who next to Jove their awful Thunders hurl'd,
And triumph'd in each Quarter of the World;
Should at fond Fashion's Nod supinely lie,
In the soft Arms of baneful Luxury.—

HER

HER Daughters once were Heav'n's peculiar Care,
 Virtue herself adorn'd the BRITISH Fair;
 The Graces with each other vied to show,
 If possible, Perfection here below:
 The smiling Cupids their choice Influence shed
 O'er the chaste unpolluted nuptial Bed;
 All-pow'rful Love attended HYMEN's Throne,
 And a Divorce was scarcely ever known.
 But stop, my Muse, thy vent'rous, rash Career,
 Nor with such Truths offend the female Ear;
 Let Briton's Foes with Joy the rest relate,
 This Empire lost, and once more fallen State.

YE Fops, descend into yourselves, and see
 The Height of Madness and Absurdity!
 Satire itself must drop the useless Pen,
 To gaze with Wonder at such half-form'd Men:

Reason's

Reason's bright Glafs can't point at aught below,
To form a vainer or more empty Show.

WHEN awful Justice o'er a guilty Land
Waves her keen Sword, at injur'd Heav'n's Command;
When the dread Stores of Vengeance open lie,
And all her Arrows are prepar'd to fly;
What Pow'r shall intervene? What potent Charm
Shall check the Force of her up-lifted Arm?
From Ruin shield a self-depraved State,
Ward off the Blow, and stop the Hand of Fate?
'Tis Mercy, with Compassion in her Eye,
She views the Failings of Humanity;
The hidden Source, the various Springs she knows,
From whence unmeditated Error flows:
With Heav'n's eternal Sire she intercedes,
And Justice drops the Sword, if Mercy pleads,
But when Sins of a most enormous Size,
In monstrous Shapes advance to scale the Skies;

No more the Goddess owns the tender Plea,
But Nations sink beneath the just Decree.

CANST thou escape, BRITANNIA? Look around!
In thee behold what horrid Crimes abound!
No more the Sons of Rapine shun the Light,
Or seek to veil their Deeds in gloomy Night!
Iniquity, with unmask'd, shameless Face,
Gains free Admittance to each courtly Place!
Injustice, seated on ASTREA's Throne,
Confounds all Right and Int'rest but her own!
Oppression join'd with Ruin, Hand in Hand,
Like Furies blast the Produce of the Land!
Corruption's baneful Stream for ever flows,
And Freedom's sacred Barrier overthrows!
Canst thou escape! when, to thy lasting Shame,
Crimes, that would even wound the Ear to name,
In thee are found—And of so black a Hue,
That Reason starts to take a nearer View:

Amaz'd,

Amaz'd, the sully'd Glass aside she turns,
And, fill'd with Sorrow, o'er thy Ruin mourns.

BUT lo! the Muse, with a prophetic Sight,
To distant Regions wings her rapid Flight,
She sees a free-born, glorious Nation rise,
Favour'd by Him who rules above the Skies;
A gen'rous People, form'd by Heav'n to be
The Guardians of despis'd Liberty.

OPPRESS'D by Persecution's Iron Hand,
Their Sires with Sorrow left their native Land;
O'er raging Seas the guiltless Wand'ers roam,
Till Providence directs them to a Home.—
Yet when the wish'd-for Port their Barks attain,
Safe from the Dangers of the boist'rous Main:
A dreary, cheerless Prospect meets their Eyes,
Chills their warm Blood, and strikes them with Surprise:
Eternal Forests shade the gloomy Ground;
In Ambush unknown Monsters sculk around,

The wild Inhabitants, a savage Race,
Warn them to quit th' inhospitable Place:
Disease, more dreadful than ten thousand Foes,
Through their small Camp with ceaseless Fury goes;
Her direful Rage mocks the Physician's Skill,
And nought but Heav'n can check the stubborn Ill.

O'ERWHELM'D with such a Load of Heart-felt Grief,
What Pow'r could bring the Sufferers Relief?
'Twas thou, O glorious Freedom! didst inspire
Their Bosoms with a more than mortal Fire!
Thou taughtst the dauntless Heroes to despise,
And triumph o'er their various Enemies.
Blest Industry, to aid thy vast Design,
With thee does his unceasing Labours join.
Wild Desolation rul'd without Controul,
And spread his awful Terrors o'er the Whole;
Tremendous Groves in horrible Array
Wav'd their high Pops, and bar'd th' Approach of Day:

Above

D

At

At his Command, lo! Desolation flies;
The Forests fall, and lofty Cities rise!
Fair Science finds a much-lov'd, calm Retreat;
"What Wonders cannot Industry compleat!"

XX

ROYALTY AND TYRANNY. A FABLE.

From DION. DE REG.

WHEN God-like HERCULES, in search of Truth;
At famous THEBES employ'd his early Youth;
By JOVE's supreme Command, down from the Sky
To him was sent the winged Mercury;
In Virtue's glorious Paths his Steps to lead,
And form his Soul to every noble Deed.
Directed by the Footsteps of a God,
In unknown Ways the dauntless Hero trod,
Which to a Mountain led, whose tow'ring Height
Eludes the utmost Stretch of human Sight,

Above

Above the Clouds its lofty Head up-rears,
 And as one great enormous Mass appears.
 So at the Base it seem'd; but near the Skies
 The Mountain parts, two distant Hills arise;
 The one the ancient Seat of mighty Jove,
 The royal Tow'r, the Temple of his Love;
 The other that on which proud TYPHON sat,
 Tyrannic Fort, the Object of his Hate:
 Him th' Almighty with a thund'ring Blow
 Hurl'd headlong to the flaming Lake below,

To each Abode, (the Mansion of a Queen)
 A widely different Access was seen;
 Pleasant and strait the Path that led on high
 To the delightful Seat of Royalty,
 From Enemies and every Danger free,
 The Trav'ler walks in full Security.
 Crooked and narrow was the other Way,
 Nor ever chear'd with the full Blaze of Day;

The glimm'ring Light which frequently appears,
 Serves only to increase th' Advent'rer's Fears:
 Beneath their Feet, with Horror and Surprise,
 They view the Lake where haughty TYPHON lies
 Tyrants like him in every Age have fell,
 And sunk into the deep Abyss of Hell.
 The royal Hill conspicuous doth appear
 In the bright Regions of the purest Air:
 The other more depress'd its Summit shrouds,
 In misty Fogs and gloomy threat'ning Clouds;
 Chearless it seem'd, devoid of ev'ry Grace,
 An obscure, dang'rous, and destructive Place.

AMBITION fir'd the Hero's glowing Breast,
 Who thus the heavenly Messenger address'd:
 Belov'd of JOVE, what means this mystic Sight
 That heaves my Bosom with a fierce Delight?
 My Soul doth burn with strong Desire to soar,
 And the dread Secrets of each Hill explore.

To

To whom with Look serene the God reply'd :
 This thy Request shall soon be gratify'd;
 Tho' hid from Fools, thou presently shalt see
 Betwixt these Two the vast Disparity.

He look'd, and lo ! upon a glorious Throne,
 Clothed in White, a lovely Female shone;
 Contentment play'd around her beauteous Face,
 Adding a Charm to every native Grace :
 A Scepter in her Hand, by Jovz was given,
 Like unto that which Juno wields in Heav'n;
 Grave was her Countenance, tho' not severe,
 The Object of Respect, unmix'd with Fear :
 As the bold Eagle with a steady Sight,
 Undazzled eyes the glorious Orb of Light,
 So virtuous Men with Confidence serene,
 Behold the Features of the gracious Queen;
 The Wicked turn their baleful Eyes away,
 Like Owls before the Regent of the Day.

The Subjects' Good ingross her Thoughts alone,
 And on their Love is fix'd her steady Throne.
 Beneath her Feet, the Flow'rs spontaneous grow,
 In the extended fertile Plain below;
 The feather'd Choir chaunt forth their artless Notes,
 To Freedom strain their little quiv'ring Throats:
 Contented round her Throne all Creatures play,
 And Nature keeps perpetual Holiday.
 Pile'd up before her was a massy Store,
 Of shining Gold and other precious Ore;
 These she despis'd, to nobler Views inclin'd,
 Views worthy her exalted generous Mind
 To be the Friend and Mother of Mankind.
 Long Time the Hero gaz'd, with Rapture fir'd,
 Which reverential Awe and Love inspir'd;
 Then as a Child his duteous Homage pays
 To the lov'd Guardian of his early Days:

So HERCULES ador'd the heavenly Maid,
 And at her Feet his Veneration paid.
 Struck with her comely Form and noble Grace,
 Besought to know the Parentage and Race
 Of her who rules these high serene Abodes,
 And show'rs down Blessings like th' immortal Gods.
 To whom reply'd the Messenger of JOVE :
 Her glorious Origin is from above ;
 Daughter of him, whose great imperial Sway
 Celestial Gods and mortal Men obey :
 BASILEA is her Name, sent down to bless
 The Favorites of Heav'n with Happiness ;
 The fair Attendants, which with her you see,
 Spring from the same divine Nobility.

Two lovely Sisters at the Queen's Right-hand,
 Justice and blooming Truth, together stand ;
 Serene, tho' stern, behold the awful Pair,
 Friends to the Virtuous, and to Vice severe,

True

True Guardians to the Rights of human Kind,
 The Good alone a sure Protection find;
 The Wicked flee with Vengeance from their Sight,
 Drove down to Realms of everlasting Night.
 Waving the Olive Branch, see Dove-ey'd Peace
 In snowy Robes appears with smiling Face;
 Her potent Word the Sons of MARS disarm,
 And frees the suffering World from War's Alarms.
 That antient Matron of majestic Mien,
 With silver Locks, close by the Heav'n-born Queen,
 Firm and magnanimous, tho' full of Days
 (Whose faithful Dictates Royalty obeys)
 Is called LA W----Her mighty Pow'r alone
 Guards and supports the well-establish'd Throne.

THE Hero, ravish'd with this glorious Sight,
 In Contemplation stood with vast Delight;
 Till summon'd by the friendly God to see
 The dangerous Path that leads to Tyranny,

He

He look'd, and saw with what infernal Rage,
 To force the Passage, Numbers did engage :
 Horrid to View ! the hoary Father stood,
 Besmear'd all o'er with his own Children's Blood !
 The Son, at wild Ambition's dire Request,
 Plunges the Dagger in his Parent's breast !
 Brother with Brother meets in mortal Fight,
 And round them Discords pours the Shades of Night !
 Thus they with impious Hands grasp at the Prize,
 Which glittering shines in their deluded Eyes ;
 Call that the highest Happiness alone,
 Which Pow'r and Folly is conjoin'd in one.
 With Blood cemented, human Bones there lay,
 And Sculls, as Pavement to the dreary Way ;
 Numbers a swift and sure Destruction found,
 O'erwhelm'd beneath the smooth, fallacious Ground,
 E'en whilst with Pride and furious Thoughts elate,
 Secur'd they seem'd, beyond the Reach of Fate ;

E

Whilst

Whilst with false Hopes their haughty Bosoms swell,
Headlong they plunge into the Shades of Hell.

- “ So Vapours rising o’er some marshy Plain,
“ At Night deceive the simple wand’ring Swain ;
“ O’er Hill, o’er Dale the glitt’ring Meteor flies,
“ Eludes his Grasp, and plays before his Eyes ;
“ Still he pursues with ardent fond Desire,
“ This unsubstantial Show, this mimic Fire ;
“ Till on some dang’rous Precipice it stands,
“ And fixed seems to court his eager Hands ;
“ As on he rushes to secure the Prize,
“ Heedless he falls, and for his Folly dies.”

UPON the Left-hand Hill exalted high,
In barbarous Pomp array’d sat TYRANNY.
In all her various Gestures, Air, and Mien,
She strove to counterfeit the Heaven-born Queen ;
Far loftier seem’d her glittering sculptur’d Throne,
With Gold o’erlaid, far more superior shone

Than

Than her's, yet all her Wealth could not procure
 A permanent Foundation for one Hour:
 With Terror arm'd, Suspicion's Breath alone
 Totters and shakes the high, unstable Throne.
 All Things around her fashion'd seem'd to be
 To serve the Ends of Pride and Luxury;
 These with Vain-glory dragg'd her in their Chains,
 And she a willing Slave to them remains.
 In dyed Robes of various Colours made,
 She in a gaudy Manner was array'd;
 Tho' many Scepters in her Hand she bore,
 And Crowns upon her Head triumphant wore;
 Tho' with unceasing Art fain strove to be
 The very Model of lov'd BASILEA;
 Yet still a vile deformed Shape she wears,
 And by her Craft more hatefully appears.
 She strives to smile----Upon her Face is seen
 Instead of Smiles----A horrid, ghastly Grin;

Would she look grave & her gloomy Eyes declare,
 Terror and Fierceness sit triumphant there;
 To seem magnanimous, with fix'd Disdain
 Contemptuously treats those who dare complain;
 With Pride elate, deems them the worst of Foes,
 Who would Oppression's baneful Course oppose.
 Hated by all, consum'd with racking Care,
 A Prey to Jealousy and Coward Fear;
 Her Days in lasting Agonies she spends,
 Nor with the Night her daily Trouble ends;
 Imagination plays around her Head,
 Suspicion hovers o'er the downy Bed,
 Whisp'ring for ever in the Tyrant's Ear,
 "Sleep'st thou secure, whilst Danger is so near?"
 Her fordid Mind, where Avarice keeps strong Hold,
 Continually broods o'er her darling Gold;
 But yet when Jealousy with watchful Eye
 Hints or proclaims some sudden Danger nigh,

Seiz'd

Seiz'd with Affright, she throws, with trembling Hand,
 Millions on Millions 'mongst the venal Band;
 Who, Corm'rant-like, with cursed Rage devour
 The hard-earn'd Labours of th' industrious Poor.

At her Right-hand, in Robes of crimson Dye,
 Bloated with human Gore, stood CRUELTY.
 Sedition rears aloft her Hydra Head,
 By Madness nurs'd and by Oppression fed.
 With Harlot Face before the Throne doth stand
 Iniquity. And in her deadly Hand
 A mixed Cup she holds, whose pois'nous Draught
 Was by the Queen and her Attendants quaff;
 Deeply they drink, nor dread th' impending Woe
 That threatens from the baneful Cup to flow.

Or all her Fav'rites none were half so dear,
 Not one could so engross the royal Ear,

Like

Like Flatt'ry. He, supreme above the rest,
 With fond Delight she clasp'd unto her Breast:
 With various servile Arts this cringing Ape,
 PROTEUS-like, could change to any Shape;
 Studious to please, none could so soon controul,
 Or work into the Av'nues of her Soul;
 Close by the Throne he stood, for ever near,
 Whisp'ring lewd Maxims in the Tyrant's Ear;
 Deep sinks his pleasing Counsel in her Breast,
 There Flatt'ry fits enthron'd a welcome Guest.

" SHALL Princes! (thus the artful Villain cries)
 " Shall they be bound by any fabled Ties
 " Shall Kings, who like the Gods sit high enthron'd,
 " Be with the Chains of Legislators bound,
 " Perish the Thought! Be this their Notion still,
 " All Things are just that suit the sov'reign Will,
 " Should the oppressed Subjects dare repine,
 " Or murmur at the Claim of Right divine,

" Vengeance

- " Vengeance shall on such impious Heads be hurl'd,
 " And their Examples awe the dastard World.
 " The People's Love is a vain empty Thing,
 " Beneath the Notice of a mighty King;
 " Instead of that, let Terror guard the Throne,
 " And Nations tremble at the Monarch's Frown.
 " Think not that sacred Oaths a Prince should bind,
 " With trivial Things Jove throws them to the Wind;
 " In the same Scales with those of Lovers weighs,
 " And scatters them abroad ten thousand Ways.
 " Talk not of Virtue; 'tis too mean a Guest
 " E'er to reside within the regal Breast;
 " Let her and Honesty for ever dwell
 " In the vile, base-born, poor Mechanic's Cell.
 " Beneath Oblivion's dreary, secret Shade,
 " In adamant Chains, be Conscience laid:
 " Let him preside o'er the low Sons of Earth,
 " His Pow'r unknown to those of higher Birth:

" To

" To Vice, 'luxurious Vice, let Temples rise,

" And at her Shrine alone let Princes sacrifice."

Thus with his horrid Schemes her Mind he plies,

Fallacious Schemes! in which Destruction lies;

Tho' by the Queen with rapt'rous Joy carels'd,

He seeks her Ruin more than all the Rest.

When HERCULES had carefully survey'd

This Scene of vicious Pomp and false Parade,

The winged Messenger of righteous Jove

Demanded which of these possess'd his Love.

The God-like Hero, with Contempt inspir'd,

With Anger warm'd, and with Resentment fir'd,

Against the slavish Court of Tyranny,

With noble Scorn thus answer'd Mercury:

When Pleasure, with fair, soft, enticing Charms,

Strove to embrace me in her Syren Arms;

When

When on her false, but yet seducing Tongue,
 Such artful Blandishments, such Music hung;
 Ev'n then, at Virtue's Beck, my steady Soul
 Resolv'd her Pow'r should ne'er my Deeds controul;
 Spurn'd the bold Harlot back with fierce Disdain,
 And Virtue chose, tho' join'd with Labour, Toil and Pain.
 Gods! had I Pow'r strong as my Will to free
 The groaning Nations from curst Tyranny,
 Down should she headlong tumble from her Height,
 Plung'd in the deep Abyfs of endless Night.
 To whom the friendly God reply'd: This know,
 Oppression for a Time may rule below;
 Yet sov'reign Justice, with an awful Stroke,
 Shall soon release the Nations from her Yoke.
 Know, thou art destin'd to this glorious End,
 To be the Scourge of Vice—scorn'd Virtue's Friend.
 Jove sent me from the Empyrean Skies,
 To set the mystic Scene before thine Eyes;

The secret Impulse of thy Soul to find,
 And search the deep Recesses of thy Mind.
 Since thou, fir'd with Disdain, abhor to see
 The barb'rous Pomp of curld Tyranny;
 Go forth—Jove sends thee to the glorious Fight;
 Go forth—clad in thy Father's dreadful Might;
 His red Right-hand thy sacred Cause shall aid,
 And at thy Feet shall Tyranny be laid:
 The World redeem'd, shall IO PÆANS sing,
 Hail thee their great Deliverer, and their King.

ADVICE

XX
 ADVICE TO A POET; OR THE AMBITIOUS
 FIDDLER. A TALE.

IF Poverty, as Writers show it,
 Oft helps to make a clever Poet,
 Sure none can have so much Pretence
 As I to Reason and to Sense;
 If they, as all in this agree,
 Essential are to Poetry:
 Therefore I boldly make my Claim,
 And stand a Candidate for Fame.
 For Fame! says Critic! who are you?
 That dares the arduous Task pursue?
 You're poor, you say?—Indeed I am—
 That very Plea, your Name will damn.
 Could you to J. A. join Esquire,
 Each Witling would your Works admire.

" His Writings are from Nature's Plan,

" For Satire, Sir, he is the Man!

" Besides,—I'll whisper in your Ear,

" He's worth—three thousands Pounds a Year."

'Tis this alone, and you well know it,

Successful makes a modern Poet:

Therefore to spend such needless Time

In hunting after Sense and Rhyme,

Is all in vain; for could you write

Like CHURCHILL, or like WILKES indite,

'Twould be, my Friend, as heretofore,

You must be damn'd, because you're poor.

Gold, Gold's the bright substantial Thing,

That ever will a Plaudit bring;

And he that has not got the Pence,

Will ne'er be deem'd a Man of Sense.

Sir Critic, what you say, I know,

Proceeds not from a crafty Foe;

Your

Your honest Counsel I commend,
 As flowing from an hearty Friend;
 Yet in this Matter to be plain,
 When I am in the scribbling Vein,
 Soon as I take a Pen in Hand,
 She's at my Elbow sure to stand;
 And let me write whate'er I will,
 The Muse unseen directs my Quill.
 Supposing what you say be true,
 Why set your Rhymes to public View?
 Why 'midst such Dangers chuse to roam,
 When you can play the Fool at Home?
 Let me a well-known Tale relate,
 A Prelude to your certain Fate.

" A Fiddler, who could sing and play,
 " With some Applause, each Holiday;
 " Could make the Bumpkins gape and stare,
 " At Country Wake, or Country Fair;

" Some-

- " Sometimes (to set his Merit high'r) Your honest Country
 " Could even please the worthy Squire: as most generous A
 " Was there a Dance upon the Green; or rather said in Y
 " No Mirth appear'd till he was seen: and in the town I had W
 " Each Lad and Lass with wishful Eye as I take a look at
 " Gaze o'er the Plain till they espy me at my Elbow
 " The well-known Fiddler and his Crowd, and let me write
 " Then all was Joy and Laughter loud. The Mule under the
 " In Alehouse snug—from many a Sot, supping what you
 " Both Praise and Pence he oft times got. Why let your
 " No Churl at CHRISTMAS was he found, Why mind such
 " But duly beat his Morning's Round: When you can play
 " Tho' sorely pinched with the Cold, I let me a well-known
 " That scarce his Fiddle he could hold: A Prize to your
 " Yet neither Frost, Hail, Snow or Rain, A Fiddler
 " E'er made our Hero once complain: who said in Y
 " For sure he was, the Work compleated, With some Applause
 " To be well paid, and also treated. Could make the Bumpkin

At Country Wake, or Country Fair, "Such

" Such was the Man—a harmless Hind;
 " Till puff'd up with Ambition's Wind;
 " Soon as this curst, designing Guest
 " Found free Admittance to his Breast,
 " Both Night and Day in mournful Strain,
 " Of wayward Fortune he'd complain;
 " Think 'twas confounded hard that he
 " Should live in dark Obscurity:
 " Content from the poor Fiddler's fled,
 " Ten thousand Schemes perplex his Head;
 " Now this, now that, in vain he tries,
 " Ambition pours in fresh Supplies;
 " Till at the last a happy Thought
 " (No doubt but by Dame Mem'ry brought)
 " Dispels the Darkness of his Mind,
 " Nor leaves a Jot of Care behind:
 " The Case was this—A flatt'ring Friend
 " Once promised to recommend

" Some

" Some Years ago, him and his Art,
 " If he durst pluck up a good Heart,
 " To LONDON hie, with manly Spirit,
 " The only Place t' encourage Merit.
 " No sooner thought, but it was done;
 " With a light Heart he joggeth on:
 " Ambition swells his haughty Crest,
 " No room for any other Guest;
 " No Care disturbs his joyful Mind,
 " For Country Friends left far behind.
 " His trusty Fiddle by his Side
 " Hung down with comely decent Pride;
 " Tho' oft intreated on the Way,
 " Some merry Jig or Tune to play,
 " Tho' Pence were offer'd, 'twas in vain,
 " For on he past with high Disdain.
 " Elate with Hope, he bounds, he springs!
 And soars aloft on Fancy's Wings,

" Doubts

" Doubts not but he shall Gold inherit,
 " When once is known his wond'rous Merit:
 " Arrived at his Journey's End,
 " He soon finds out his worthy Friend;
 " And after, at the least, a Score
 " Of Loves and Compliments were o'er,
 " Dick, without being overnice,
 " Tells him his Views, and craves Advice.
 " Tom by the Tale, shrewdly suspected
 " With Pride his Head was fore infected;
 " (For tho' a Waiter, he was known
 " To many a Buck and Blood in Town;
 " Had seen, what some Men please to phrase
 " The World, in many diff'rent Ways;
 " Was one that always in the End
 " Would for a Joke betray his Friend)
 " RICHARD, quoth he, the Proverb says,
 " That Danger springs from slow Delays;

" My honest Lad, this very Night,
 " Your Heart shall dance with sweet Delight,
 " For in an Hour or less will be
 " Within this House a Company
 " Of fam'd Musicians, who are known
 " To be the very best in Town.
 " Come, banish Sorrow, drink about,
 " I'll make your Fortune, never doubt:
 " The Bar-Bell rings—I must be gone,
 " And leave you a short Space alone:
 " Sit down, dear Dick, with Heart at Ease,
 " And eat or drink whatever you please.
 " I'faith, thought Dick, as I'm a Sinner,
 " This looks well for a young Beginner,
 " I wish my Country Friends were here,
 " How would they envy, gape and stare!
 " But what are quondam Friends to me,
 " Or such low stupid Company?

" Too

" Too long in dark Oblivion's Shade,
 " My smother'd Genius hath been laid;
 " But now's the Time to blaze it forth,
 " And shew myself a Man of Worth.
 " Just at this Instant, in came Tom,
 " To let him know the Guests were come;
 " Besides, quoth he, my worthy Friend,
 " The Work's half done,—for you they send:
 " Your Fortune's made, pluck up a Spirit,
 " I've advertis'd them of your Merit;
 " Come, drink, this is a lucky Minute,
 " Or else the Devil must be in it!
 " At this Dick's Heart began to ache,
 " His Coward Limbs with Fear to shake;
 " Fain would have given his Friend Denial,
 " As loth to stand this sudden Trawl;
 " Yet nought would do, for march he must,
 " So up the Stairs the Glow he thrust.

" Tom having opened the Door,
 " The Fiddler sees above a Score
 " Of flaunting Beaus bedaub'd with Lace,
 " Each seem'd my Lord, or else his Grace.
 " Dick would have spoke, 'tis past all Doubt,
 " Could he have brought a Sentence out;
 " 'Twas all in Vain for him to try,
 " Fear had benumb'd each Faculty.
 " The Chairman rose, with decent Grace,
 " He seats the Fiddler in his Place
 " A Glas he fills, round let it go,
 " A Health to Seignior RICHARDO.
 " This being done, on Mirth intent,
 " Each takes his well-tun'd Instrument;
 " United play with so much Art,
 " As ravish'd the Fiddler's Heart,
 " Who thinks undoubtedly he hears
 " The heavenly Music of the Spheres.

" The

- " The Confort o'er, th' enliv'ning Glass
 " Around the Board they briskly pass;
 " As warm'd with Liquor RICHARD grows,
 " The purple Tide more swiftly flows;
 " His wand'ring Spirits cease to roam,
 " By potent Wine recalled Home.
 " With one Consent they join to pray
 " Our Hero would a Solo play;
 " Dick plucking up a Heart of Grace,
 " Lugs out his Fiddle from the Case,
 " With nicest Care thrumbs o'er the Strings,
 " And into Tune his Humstrum brings.
 " To let th' attentive Audience know
 " Something worth Notice he could do,
 " With great Solemnity of Face,
 " Murders poor HANDEL's Water-piece.
 " The Room resounds with clam'rous Roar,
 " Bravo! bravo! Encore! encore!
 " The

" The Fiddler pleas'd, begins again,
 " And sorely mangles every strain,
 " Which done, they with one voice declare,
 " He is an excellent smart Player,
 " A Health they cry! Round let it go,
 " To famous Seignior Richardo.
 " Dick rose to let the Company
 " Some of his aukward Manners see,
 " When a sly Wag, who does not hear,
 " From under RICHARD's Chain,
 " And as he thought to let him down,
 " With curst Squelch, away drops Glown,
 " And as he strove to turn the Fall,
 " The Cloth he seizes, down comes all
 " With hideous Wrattle, Bowls and Mugs,
 " Tobacco, Glasses, Bottles, Jugs.
 " Half sufficated, and half dead,
 " As up he rear'd his battered Head,
 " A brim-

" A brimming Bowl turn'd topsy-turvy,
 " Play'd him a Trick was somewhat scurvy;
 " For as he strove with Might and Main,
 " To get upon his Legs again,
 " The Bowl whelm'd o'er his joulter Head,
 " A curious CHINA Helmet made;
 " The scalding Punch, in trickling Rills,
 " Glides down his Breast, and Breeches fills;
 " Rouz'd! by the agonizing Smart,
 " Which almost pierc'd him to the Heart,
 " With wild Amaze! the Fiddler rose,
 " If possible, to greater Woes.
 " He fees within the cruel Fire,
 " His much-lov'd Crowd in Flames expire,
 " Which horrid Sight afflicts him more,
 " Than all his Sufferings before.
 " The Landlord hearing a damn'd Clatter,
 " Runs up to see what was the Matter;

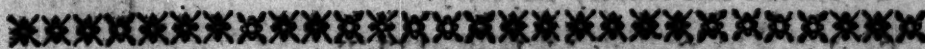
THE

" Soon

" Soon as the fiery wrathful Blade,
 " The shatter'd ruinous Scene survey'd,
 " Enrag'd to luckless Dick he goes,
 " And pours on him a Storm of Blows,
 " Regardless of his Cries or Pray'rs,
 " He kicks him headlong down the Stairs.
 " The Fiddler, crippled by the Fall,
 " A hearty Curse bestows on all;
 " Limps out of Doors in doleful Plight,
 " Nor staid to wish his Friend Good-night."

THE Tale thus told, you may apply
 The Moral quite as well as I;
 And by this artless Story know,
 What Mischiefs from Ambition flow:
 That Heav'n to Mortals hath not sent
 A greater Blessing than Content.

THE



THE GOLDEN CHAIN.

A GOLDEN Chain, as HOMER writes,
This univerfal World unites;

Obedient to great Jove's Command,

With strong Embrace holds Sea and Land;

Fix'd to OLYMPUS' dreadful Height,

The Ball hangs trembling in his Sight.

So sung the Bard, and who durst say,

That HOMER knew no more than they,

Who, with vain Systems and Pretences,

Would cozen Men out of their Senses?

And surely he must be ill-fated,

Who cavils at what POPE translated.

H

This

This being granted, let us try
 T' unfold this knotty Mystery.
 So the grave Sage, with learned Skill,
 Dissected good EZEKIEL's Wheel,
 And prov'd that Parson Orthodox
 Was like an Eagle, or an Ox;
 Was like a Lion, though his Plan
 Admits he still is like a Man.
 Thus we who travel through By-ways,
 A System of our own may raise;
 Though not so lofty or so new,
 Yet may perhaps be quite as true,
 Th' invisible Part of the Chain,
 To us will ever so remain:
 Nor is it decent we should pry
 Into the Secrets of the Sky;
 But to this Earth confine our Plan,
 And Reason as from Man to Man.

VIEW we this World's capacious Round,
 Some high, some low, will there be found;
 Yet every One in his Degree
 Adds somewhat to Society;
 As diff'rent Links they must remain,
 To constitute the mystic Chain:
 For it would be quite out o' th' Way,
 If all should rule, and none obey;
 Such Anarchy in any Nation,
 Must end in final Desolation.
 On th' other Side it is as true,
 The greatest Monarch cannot do
 Without the kind assisting Hand
 O' th' meanest Subject in his Land.

WHEN CÆSAR pass'd a rapid River,
 He thought th' Atchievement mighty clever;

And when the Foe before him flew,
 I came! I saw! I overthrew!
 Exclaim'd the Chief! tho' past all Doubt,
 His Legions help'd him somewhat out;
 Certain it is, without their Aid,
 This haughty Brag had ne'er been made.

Now turn we o'er th' historic Page,
 From CÆSAR's to the present Age;
 We shall not find upon Record,
 That ever King, Prince, Duke or Lord,
 Tho' stout and hardy he might be,
 And valiant to a high Degree,
 Could ever by himself oppose,
 Or put to Flight a Host of Foes:
 In ev'ry desperate Affair,
 The meanest Soldier takes his Share;
 Tho' Death and Horror both unite
 To swell the Tumult of the Fight;

Tho'

Tho' Thousands press th' infanguin'd Plain,
 And round them rise the Heaps of Slain;
 The generous Troops, with fierce Delight,
 Maintain the bloody, dang'rous Fight;
 With martial Rage their Bosoms glow,
 And rush united on the Foe.
 As a swift Torrent, swell'd with Rain,
 O'erflows at once the neighb'ring Plain,
 And by its all prevailing Sway,
 Whate'er resists drives far away;
 So these compacted, firm and strong,
 With equal Fury pour along
 The embattl'd Field, till Victory
 Descending from her Seat on high,
 Where with Suspense the heavenly Maid
 The deathful Scene long Time survey'd,
 Whilst equal hung each well-pois'd Scale,
 That neither Host seem'd to prevail;

But

But now with joyful Shouts and Cries
 The Goddess to her favour'd flies,
 Her glorious Splendor round them throws,
 And with Amazement fills their Foes;
 Confusion, Rout, and sore Dismay,
 Through all their Squadrons force the Way,
 Whilst Fear and ignominious Flight
 Concludes the long disputed Fight.
 Should we not think it wond'rous hard,
 These gallant Troops should be debarr'd
 Of their just Due, immortal Fame,
 Only to aggrandize ONE Name?
 Or in Disposal of the Spoil,
 Won by their Ardour, Care and Toil,
 The hardy Vet'ran's small Reward,
 Should scarce a single Meal afford?
 Yet if the Rabble you disdain,
 At Quiet with their Wives remain,

When

When fierce Invaders shake the State,
And Mischief knocks at your own Gate,
Imperious Man ! thy titled Birth
Or Name will be but little Worth ;
At such a Time, without their Aid,
Your Pride must fall, your Glory fade.

CERVANTES, in his numerous Strain,
Makes SANCHE dolefully complain ;
And in his Wrath the worthy 'Squire,
Hath no great Mind to turn High-flier ;
Tho' as CID HAMET fairly shews,
'Twas not for Fear of paltry Foes,
For constant to his val'rous Master,
He ne'er forsook him in Disaster ;
However thick Mischances came,
Still faithful SANCHE was his Name.
This vex'd him to the very Gizzard,
And made him rave like any Wizard,

That in Adventures good and evil,
 No mention's made of him, poor Devil!
 Tho' Fortune took uncommon Care
 His batter'd Carcase still should bear,
 In each Encounter with the Foes,
 A swinging Lot of Kicks and Blows.

“ BODY! O me! would those that write
 “ Th’ Adventures of an errant Knight,
 “ And set his great Exploits in View,
 “ Give to the ‘Squire his rightful Due,
 “ Nor let the Master bear away,
 “ The Honours of the well-fought Day,
 “ ’Twere something—But to think that I
 “ Above the Clouds intend to fly,
 “ Or like a Witch ride through the Air,
 “ To CAND’YA, or the LORD knows where;
 “ To lop the Quickset from their Chins,
 “ Clapt on as Penance for their Sins!

" No—By my holy Dame, the Knight

" Alone shall take this airy Flight;

" Whatever Glory, or Renown,

" In this Atchievement 's to be won,

" To th' smallest Part I lay no Claim,

" His be the Danger—His the Fame."

Thus reason'd SANCHO, tho' 'tis true,

His noble Deeds are set to view

In such a pleasant striking Sight,

As fills the Reader with Delight,

Nor knows he which most to admire,

The valiant Don, or cunning 'Squire.

BUT stop, my Muse, nor longer roam

So far abroad, when nearer Home

The self-same Truth stands forth confess'd,

Tho' in another Liv'ry dress'd.

I know,

KINGS, Dukes, and Nobles of high Birth,
 Must stop to those of meaner Earth;
 To them must look for their Apparel,
 Or, if they don't, I'm sure they'll fare ill:
 Were these great Folks oblig'd to go,
 As ADAM did, in Statu quo,
 How hard 'twould be for us to guess
 A Taylor from his Mightiness;
 Or should we not, upon my Word,
 Mistake a Gambler for a Lord?
 Our Judgments might so strangely vary,
 That ruddy Milkmaid Country MARY,
 Would Pref'rence gain of Lady SARAH. }
 Yet stranger still must look our Beaux,
 Were they to make their Birth-day Cloaths,
 Such errant Bunglers at the Trade
 Would always be in Masquerade:

And

And hard the Fate of all our Fair,
To spin and weave the Robes they wear.

SHOULD corm'rant MACER dress the Meat,
Ere he's entitled to the Treat;
Or BIBO never quench his Thirst,
Except he brew'd the Liquor first;
Oh! direful Change! these Gluttons then
Would eat and drink like common Men,
However sumptuous the Repast,
This very Thought would make them fast.

To prove my fav'rite System true,
I've these Examples set in view;
And it would be but little Trouble,
If needful, soon to make them double;
But for this Time I'll drink my Ale,
And then conclude with a short Tale,

I 2 new H. has "An

" An Organist, whose skillful Hand
 " Could all the trembling Keys command;
 " Could make the Tides of Music flow,
 " Swell into Strength, or melt in Wee;
 " Now imitate the Trumpet's Sound,
 " Echoes the lofty Dome around,
 " Now soft'ning Notes and dying Strains
 " Breathe out the Lover's Joys and Pains:
 " And now unites each different Part,
 " Obedient to the Master's Art,
 " With gen'ral Chorus, full and free,
 " Concludes the grand Solemnity.
 " The list'ning Croud, with Rapture fir'd,
 " The solemn Music much admir'd,
 " All with one Voice aloud proclaim
 " The Artist's Skill and matchless Fame.
 " A Lad, whose Task it was to mind
 " Affairs below, and fill with Wind

" The

- " The various Pipes, his Master meets,
 " And thus salutes him in the Streets:
 " The People pleas'd, Good Sir, do say,
 " WE play'd exceeding well To-day,
 " And truly so WE did, I think—
 " Why sure the foolish Boy's in drink,
 " Exclaim'd the Master!—Go to bed,
 " You Sot, or I shall break your Head!
 " The Lad, abas'd, no more durst say,
 " So each jogg'd on a separate Way:
 " Now as this well-known Story says,
 " It was not passing many Days
 " Before our Artist was call'd forth,
 " Once more to shew his Skill and Worth:
 " The crowded Audience were met,
 " With solemn Air he takes his Seat;
 " His nimble Fingers well he plies,
 " Now Treble, now the Bass he tries

" In

- " In vain. The Board emits no Sound,
 " But sacred Silence reigns around :
 " Enrag'd he calls to him below,
 " Sirrah, you Dog ! why don't you blow ?
 " Is 't possible for me to play,
 " If you keep all the Wind away ?
 " The Wag reply'd (some small Time after
 " He had suppress'd his Fit of Laughter)
 " I'll do my Part, if you'll agree
 " From this Time forth it shall be WE.
 " The Master storm'd, yet found it vain !
 " In such a Crisis to complain,
 " For by Experience he knew
 " Without his Aid he nought could do ;
 " So gave his Word that I should be
 " For this Time chang'd to greater WE.
 " Thus both agreed, to work they went,
 " And as before gave full Content."

The ANTIENT FEMALE WORTHIES.

THALIA, bear me on thy Wings,

Affist the Man who boldly sings

The Wonders of the Female Reign,

Their magic Pow'r and wide Domain.

Love conquers all, and we must yield

To him the much-contested Field;

'Tis Woman's Right, with sov'reign Sway

To rule; and ours, to obey.

WHAT tho' upon record we find,

Our Grand-dame ruin'd all Mankind;

Yet ADAM knew her Worth so well,

He chose to follow her to Hell *.

* Vide Milton's Paradise Lost, Book ix. p. 199.

Rather than be oblig'd to leave
His own dear Rib, his darling Eve.

SAMPSON, that Man of wondrous Might,
Who put whole Armies to the Flight;
Who singly dar'd (such was his Rage)
A Host of PHILISTINES engage,
And by his matchless Force alone,
A thousand slew with a Jaw-bone:
Soon as he view'd th' enchanting Fair,
No more his Country claims his Care,
Sunk in DELILAH's snowy Arms,
A Captive to her winning Charms,
She by her Art and female Skill,
Obedient brings him to her Will;
And in a sportive, am'rous Hour,
Bereaves him of his Strength and Pow'r.

Love,

Jove, and his Brethren of the Sky,
 Were Cupid's Slaves, or Poets lye.
 Low did the mighty Heathen Jove
 Stoop to the awful Pow'r of Love:
 In spite of Juno's watchful Care,
 He oft enjoy'd an earthly Fair;
 In Masquerade would roam about,
 To find his darling Mistress out.

APOLLO, as all Writers say,
 Was witty, debonair, and gay;
 Was handsome, sprightly, ever young;
 Attention listen'd when he sung:
 Yet blest with all these heav'nly Charms,
 No Goddess grac'd his longing Arms:
 If he pursu'd an earthly Dame,
 Deaf to his ardent, glowing Flame,

K

When,

Whene'er the swift-foot God had caught her,
 She rooted stood, or turn'd to Water.
 The Reason was (as some suppose)
 He seem'd too like our modern Beaux;
 Or had (as some more knowing say)
 Been trick'd the vile ITALIAN Way.

THE God of War, who, when he frown'd,
 The mightiest Armies could confound;
 Who brooded with a fierce Delight
 O'er the dire Horrors of the Fight:
 Soon as bright VENUS, Beauty's Queen,
 Was by the Pow'r of Battles seen,
 Caught by her all-commanding Wiles,
 Her lovely Form, her winning Smiles,
 In Rapture lost, with wild Surprise,
 He gazes on her sparkling Eyes.
 This CUPID saw: with jocund Heart
 He singles out a barbed Dart,

By

By far the stoutest in his Quiver,
 And sends it through stern MARS's Liver.
 The beamy Spear, at Love's Command
 Falls from the Warrior's trembling Hand;
 His martial Pomp, and the Parade
 Of hostile Arms aside are laid;
 He groans beneath the smarting Wound,
 And the full Force of Beauty own'd;
 Sighs; till the fond accomplish'd Dame,
 With equal Transport, meets his Flame.

STOUT HERCULES, that valiant Blade,
 JOVE's Son, sets up the Spinning Trade:
 His maffy, murd'ring Club resigns,
 And patiently the Distaff twines;
 Obedient to OMPHALE's proud Nod,
 Behold the mighty Demi-God!
 He who could direful Monsters quell,
 To free his Friend, went down to Hell;

In spite of all the Furies there,
 Restor'd him to his native Air;
 Lo! now regardless of his Toils,
 Beneath her Feet he lays his Spoils;
 O'er his broad Back a Mantle's spread,
 The Mantle of a waiting Maid;
 Whilst LYDIA's high imperious Queen
 Struts in the shaggy Lion's Skin.

WHEN PARIS, from the GRECIAN Shore,
 In Triumph lovely HELEN bore:
 The TROJAN ne'er would quit his Prize,
 Till TROY's proud Towr's in Ashes lies.

WHEN AGAMEMNON's regal Sway
 From stern ACHILLES tore away
 His lov'd BRIZEIS. On the Shore
 The Hero mourns—In Arms no more

Terrific

Terrific glows—But like a Boy
 That sobs and weeps for some gay Toy,
 Denies himself the Sweets of Rest
 Till of the blooming Girl possess'd:
 Whole Hecatombs of GREECE repaid
 The vile Dishonour done the Maid,

SHEATH'D in bright Arms, to PHILIP'S Son
 Undaunted came the Amazon.
 Fir'd at the Glories of his Name,
 And emulous of lasting Fame,
 THALESTRIS dares him to the Fight,
 And baffles all his boasted Might;
 Her irresistible strong Charms
 The Conqu'ror of the World disarms.

In Love's Esteem, high o'er the rest,
 EGYPT'S fair Queen stands forth confess'd.

Prone

Prone at her Feet great CÆSAR lay,
 And sigh'd the happy Hours away;
 Ambitious Thoughts no more controul
 The Movements of his am'rous Soul;
 His only Glory is to find
 The charming CLEOPATRA kind:
 Absorb'd in Blifs the Hero lies,
 Nor heeds how fast old TEMPUS flies,
 Till rous'd by MARS's dire Alarms,
 He breaks unwilling from her Arms.

To him MARK ANTONY succeeds,
 At ev'ry Vein poor Honour bleeds;
 A ROMAN once, just, firm and brave;
 Till he became her meanest Slave;
 Luxurious Feasts and wanton Sport
 Preside o'er the EGYPTIAN Court;
 Fond ANTONY, at Folly's Nod,
 To her resigns his conqu'ring Sword;

That

That Sword in bloody Battles dy'd,
 Now dangles at CLE'PATRA's Side;
 His martial Arms she aukward wields,
 The Dread once of PHILIPPIC Fields,
 Around the Room she stalks in State,
 And bends beneath the pond'rous Weight.

Thus they secure in Pleasure lie,
 And laugh aloud at Destiny;
 'Till scorn'd AUGUSTUS (great in Arms,
 And blind to CLEOPATRA's Charms)
 On ANTONY his Vengeance hurl'd,
 Who for a Mistress lost—A WORLD.

THESE few Examples may suffice,
 To prove the Antients wond'rous wife;
 And clearly shews 'tis past a Doubt,
 Those Authors must be strangely out,

Who

Who chuse to follow such a Plan
 As gives Dominion to the Man:
 For notwithstanding all they boast,
 Dear, lovely WOMAN rules the Roast.

The Power of WINE.

I.

COME, come, my Friend, drive Care away,
 'Tis he that doth our Strength decay;
 His gloomy Mien our Joys controul,
 And quite unman's the noble Soul;
 To BACCHUS consecrate the Lays,
 Exalt his Fame, and sound his Praise.

II. Let

II.

Let Misers o'er their Treasures pine,
Give me a Friend and sparkling Wine;
For what is all their ill-got Store,
To those who hourly grieve for more?
What tho' on Heaps the Metal lies,
With Want the Wretch despairs and dies.

III.

What is Ambition's lofty Name,
But a vain Blast of empty Fame?
The Man, to make his Title good,
Must wade thro' Seas of human Blood;
To reach his Hopes, a Slave must be
To unrelenting Cruelty.

IV.

What's Love? A most egregious Cheat,
The Son of Fancy and Deceit;
A strange Compound of am'rous Folly,
Mixture of Bliss and Melancholy:

L

His

His Pleasure, in Possession cloy,
And his own Flame himself destroys.

Since then, my Friend, we daily find
These Trifles vex and plague Mankind;
Let us, made by Experience wise,
Such Nothings laugh at and despise;
To BACCHUS consecrate the Lays,
And in a Chorus chaunt his Praise.

VI.

'Tis he alone that can inspire
Our Souls with true poetic Fire;
Come, fill the Glafs, and with me join
To celebrate the Pow'r of Wine;
To let unhappy Mortals know
A sov'reign Balm for ev'ry Woe.

VII.

The Antients all in this agree,
That Wine's the Life of Poetry;

Great

Great HOMER, by its sov'reign Aid,
Himself and Works immortal made;
And Pindar chear'd his tow'ring Soul
With many a noble, sparkling Bowl.

VIII.

VIRGIL and Horace ne'er had been
Recorded such harmonious Men,
Had not kind BACCHUS to their Aid
A Stream of gen'rous Wine convey'd;
'Twas Wine unlock'd the Door of Fame;
And dignify'd the Poet's Name.

IX.

PLATO, the fam'd Philosopher,
Would always this grand Truth aver;
That at the best, it was in vain
For Man to rack his empty Brain,
Except he had a large Supply
Of Wine to quaff, when he was dry.

X.

HIPPOCRATES, and others prove,
 It gives an Appetite to Love;
 And should the dying, am'rous Swain,
 The Summit of his Hopes obtain,
 Th' enliv'ning Juice they recommend
 As the exhausted Lover's Friend.

XI.

The GREEKS, who ten Years did employ
 Their Strength, to ruin haughty Troy;
 Had they not drank, not all their Force,
 Join'd with the fatal wooden Horse,
 Could, to this present Age and Date,
 Have overturn'd the TROJAN State.

XII.

Old NESTOR, venerable Man!
 At Counsel push'd about the Kan;
 And stern ACHILLES, when he arm'd,
 With potent Wine his Bosom warm'd;

Full of the God! with Rage he glow'd,
And all Resistance overthrow'd.

XIII.

What glorious Hero, or Commander,
From thee to mighty ALEXANDER;
Or since his Time, whose conqu'ring Arms
Have fill'd the World with War's Alarms,
But have allow'd each bold Design
Sprung first of all from pow'rful Wine.

XIV.

When Sorrow doth the Heart invade,
And o'er each Comfort draws her Shade;
Wine, like the Sun, can drive away
These Mists, and bring unclouded Day;
Within the flowing Bowl we see
Our grand specific Remedy.

XV.

Come drink about—to senseless Grief,
'Tis Wine alone can bring Relief:

Here's

Here's to thee, Friend—we'll drown old Care;
 And banish ev'ry Coward Fear;
 Enjoy the present fleeting Hour,
 The next may not be in our power.

XX

The LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

I.

I Envy not the titled Great,
 Who toil beneath the Pomp of State;
 Their ceremonious Forms would be
 A much too heavy Load for me.

II.

I envy not the Man, whose Name
 Stands foremost in the List of Fame;
 Nor in pursuit of such a Bubble,
 Would give myself the smallest Trouble.

III. I

III.

I envy not the fordid Soul,
Where Av'rice reigns without Controul;
Still may the Wretch increase his Store,
And so become compleatly poor.

IV.

I envy not the Man, whom Fate
Hath pleas'd to stamp as fortunate:
Whose Bark seems with an easy Sail
To catch each pleasant prosp'rous Gale.

V.

" I envy none of these. May they
" Keep jogging on, each his own Way;
" To see them pass, I laugh aloud,
" Nor mingle with the motley Croud."

VI.

I envy not the Man ally'd
To Ignorance and haughty Pride;

Whose

Whose consequential Worth is known
To Self, and only Self alone.

VII.

I envy not the Sage, whose Rules
Are glean'd from antient Monkish Schools;
Who with a sharp, discerning Eye
Can all Faults, but his own, espy.

VIII.

I envy not the cringing Ape
That wreaths and shifts to any Shape;
Who for a Vote submits to be
The Effence of Hypocrisy.

IX.

I envy not the Courtier's Cafe,
Who barter Honour for a Place;
A Slave, that to obtain his End
Would (if in Pow'r) to Satan bend.

X.

I envy none of these. May they

“ Keep jogging on, each his own Way ;

“ To see them pass, I laugh aloud,

“ Nor mingle with the motley Croud.”

XI.

I envy not the happy Swain,

Should DAPHNE quit her coy Disdain ;

When blest within her circling Arms,

He rifles more than mortal Charms.

XII.

I envy not the antient Dame,

A Stranger to Love's am'rous Flame ;

Whose Youth without Temptation fled,

So thanks kind Heaven she's still a Maid.

XIII.

I envy not the Fop, whose Dress

Compleats his utmost Happiness ;

M

Whose

Whose vast Solitude and Care
Are center'd in th' applauding Fair.

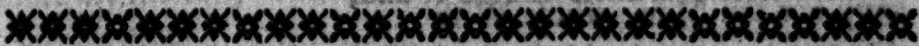
XIV.

I envy not the Man, whose Wife
Springs from the Regions of high Life;
If poor, she drains the Dotard's Purse;
If rich, she's ten Times more a curse.

XV.

" I envy none of these, may they
" Keep jogging on, each his own Way;
" To see them pass, I laugh aloud,
" Nor mingle with the motely Croud."

C O N-



CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT! Soul-reviving Pow'r,

Oh! take me to thy peaceful Bow'r;

For ever let me there remain,

One of thy happy rural Train.

Long have I, Goddess, gone astray,

Misled by Folly, lost my Way;

The World, and its fond Vanities,

So glitt'ring play'd before mine Eyes,

That blinded with the cheating Sight,

I wander'd in perpetual Night.

" So the poor Trav'ler far from Home,
 " Forlorn thro' unknown Paths doth roam,
 " With horrid Darkneſs circled round,
 " He cautious treads th' uncertain Ground,
 " Whilſt to increaſe his deadly Fear,
 " With flatt'ring Rays falſe Lights appear,
 " Before his Steps the Meteors play,
 " And ſeem to point the ready Way:
 " Should he purſue, the Road they tend
 " Will in a ſure Deſtruction end."
 With erring Steps, thus have I ſtray'd,
 Till kind Experience lent her Aid;
 Guided by her, my wandering Feet
 At laſt have found the lov'd Retreat.
 Falſe World, away! thy boaſted Joys
 Are, at the beſt, deceitful Toys;
 Who truſts to thee ſhall never know
 The Sweets that from Contentment flow.

Vain World, away ! thy Smiles no more
 Shall tempt me from this peaceful Shore,
 Here let me rest, whilst round my Head
 The Goddess doth her Blessings shed.

MANKIND, with various Schemes perplex'd,
 With Trifles pleas'd, with Trifles vex'd,
 By false Opinion led astray,
 Wander far from the happy Way:
 Yet still before them seems to rise,
 In flatt'ring Shape, the glorious Prize,
 Each thinks he wants but one Step more
 To have her solely in his Pow'r;
 That gain'd, they with Amazement find
 Content is lagging far behind.

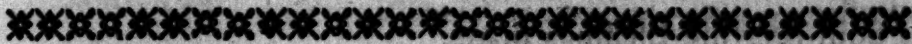
DELUDED Mortals! 'tis in vain
 Ye toil, ye labour to obtain

The

The solid Pleasures that abound,
 And in her Smiles alone are found;
 Would you succeed? then at her Shrine
 Perform the hallow'd Rites divine,
 The Victims bring, let Incense rise,
 And offer up a Sacrifice.

REMORSELESS see Ambition bleed;
 To him must haughty Pride succeed.
 Conceal'd from View, within thy Breast,
 No more let canker'd Malice rest;
 Nor Envy with Revenge controul
 The Movements of thy stubborn Soul:
 Self-love, that Darling of the Mind,
 With pleasing Flatt'ry ever join'd,
 Whose soothing Art, whose wond'rous Skill,
 Can in Subjection bring the Will,
 These, with detested Avarice,
 And every other hateful Vice,

Together with their numerous Train,
Upon the Altar must be slain,
Before you e'er can hope to dwell
In blest Contentment's happy Cell.



The G O U T.

HYGEIA*! whither art thou fled,
With thee my Joys are vanished;
Content, I willingly could bear,
Of Poverty, my lotted Share;
Possess'd of Ease and blooming Health,
Would envy not the Man of Wealth;
But in thy Throne a Tyrant reigns,
And darts like Lightning through my Veins.

WHEN

* The Goddess of Health, so deemed by the Ancients.

WHEN Night, cloathed in her sable Vest,
 Invites the Lab'rer to his Rest;
 When MORPHEUS o'er the silent Land
 Extends his all-prevailing Wand,
 And Mortals, eas'd of ev'ry Care,
 His Soul-reviving Blessings share:
 Not so with me—Sleep from mine Eyes,
 Tho' oft invoc'd, relentless flies;
 To me, the soft, inviting Bed,
 Is as a Rack of Torment made;
 Groaning, I pass the tedious Night,
 Till wish'd-for Day appears in Sight;
 The Day returns—But, Oh! in vain,
 It brings no Respite to my Pain:
 In agonizing Grief I lie
 A hopeless Prey to Misery.

But

But what have I to do with thee,
 O Govt ! thou Son of LUXURY ?
 Thou most intolerable Pain,
 Art thou one of the Muse's Train ?
 Thy Pow'r I own—my Sorrows shew it,
 But why so cruel to a Poet ?
 Leave, leave my humble, homely Cell,
 Among the Sons of Riot dwell ;
 Extend o'er them thy raging Sway,
 Intemp'rance marks the ready Way ;
 Her baneful Influence each Hour
 Subjects them to thy wasting Pow'r.
 Or would'st thou act a gen'rous Part,
 Go, strike yon Miser's sordid Heart ;
 Lo ! the vile Wretch, with trembling Hands,
 O'er his ill-gotten Treasure stands ;
 Indulges every hateful Vice
 That feeds his Darling Avarice :

In vain he hears the Widow's Pray'r,
 Or views the helpless Orphan's Tear:
 Unheeded fees the hoary Sire,
 Bow'd down with Age, in Want expire:
 Compassion ! that angelic Guest,
 Ne'er found Admittance to his Breast;
 Curst Avarice, without Controul,
 Possesses all his venal Soul.
 Go, strike, well-pleas'd his joyful Heir
 A Column to thy Praise will rear;
 And Earth, disburden'd of his Weight,
 Shall blefs the righteous Hand of Fate.

XX

THE
POET'S FAREWELL

TO THE

M U S E S.

YE Damsels of PARNASSUS, say,
What Planet rul'd my native Day,
Or Star malign, that I should prove
With you to be so deep in Love;
Or why should I so eager follow,
Your unrelenting God APOLLO,
Whose Vor'ries feel the heavy Curse
Of a light Brain and empty Purse?
Yet for this once, ye Maids, inspire
My Fancy with poetic Fire;

Affist me in the bold Design,
 Then shall each true, each honest Line,
 Your Progress, and the Poet's Fate,
 To all impartially relate.

The Ancients in this Point agree,
 The Muses at the first were three,
 Daughters of Jove and MEMORY.

What Poet in this modern Age?

Dare with three Mistresses engage?

Or can he ever hope to find

Such fickle Damsels truly kind,

Whose jilting Tricks have been display'd,

As soon as they themselves were made?

For ancient Writers please to tell us,

These Maids were so confounded jealous,

Left their renowned Chastity

Should in the least suspected be;

That

That when Adonis strove t' inspire
 Their Bosoms with Love's pleasing Fire,
 They for the daring bold Intent,
 To Hell's dark Shades the Lover sent.
 Tho' some indued with greater Light,
 To set this doubtful Matter right,
 Have fairly own'd, against such Odds,
 T'would have gone hard with all their Gods.
 But since those Times, a Syrcion Blade,
 An Adept in the carving Trade,
 By Chance misguided, or Design,
 Instead of Three, erected Nine!
 Old Hesiod, to advance their Fame,
 Bestow'd on each a proper Name;
 And with a Father's prudent Care,
 Gave every One a sep'rate Share,
 In those extended Plains which lie
 Beyond the Ken of vulgar Eye.

WHAT

WHAT tho' on Earth we seldom find
 Much Harmony in Women-kind,
 Yet should prepost'rous Fortune lay
 A Crown and Scepter in their Way,
 Most heartily they can unite
 To rob another of his Right*;
 But to the Honour of the Nine,
 Altho' their Territories join,
 Yet of them it was never said,
 They strove to wrong a Sister Maid;
 Contented each enjoys her own,
 And sits unenvy'd on the Throne.

HENCE from Old Father Hesiod's Time,
 The Sons of Poetry and Rhyme
 Have an undoubted Right to chuse
 As Whimsies rise, a sep'rate Muse,

Tho' some, more favour'd than the rest,
 Have felt within their glowing Breast
 An ardent Flame, pure and divine,
 Inspir'd by all the sacred Nine.
 But these, my Friends, are very few,
 Selected from the num'rous Crew
 Of those, who impudently claim
 A Title to immortal Fame.
 High in the Air, they wond'ring see
 Th' unsteady, wav'ring Deity,
 Now 'mongst the Stars her Head she rears,
 And like a Meteor disappears.
 Again, her Vortices to beguile,
 Resumes her Form, and deigns to smile.
 With Pride elate, and wishful Eyes,
 They nearer view the flatt'ring Prize,
 Each hopes by one bold Effort more
 To have the Goddess in his Pow'r;

But

But she illudes the fond Embrace,
 And leaves a Phantom in her Place,
 If we small Things compare with great,
 Such was the rash Ixion's Fate,
 Who sought to win with impious Love
 The Wife of Cloud-compelling Jove.

The Ancients labor'd with great Pain
 The Summit of the Mount to gain,
 Where Fame's enduring Temple stands
 Erected by celestial Hands:
 Innumerable Dangers lay,
 Unseen, throughout the dreary Way,
 And now, as then, dire Friends appear
 To stop the Poet's bold Career.

Lo! Poverty, join'd with Disgrace,
 Warns him to quit the barren Place.

Envy

Envy, with Spite, around him throng,
 And shameless Scorn wags out her Tongue :
 Irresolution in his Way
 Throws many a tedious Delay :
 Oppression with an horrid Glare,
 Points to the Image of Despair.
 But what are these? compar'd with thee,
 Injurious foul-mouth'd Calumny !
 Involv'd in darksome Shades of Night,
 Thy poison'd Arrows take their Flight ;
 Borne on the Wings of Thousand lyes,
 Unseen thy hellish Venom flies,
 With Rage attacks each nobler Part,
 And strikes directly at the Heart.
 The Man from Heav'n must be indu'd
 With more than human Fortitude,
 Who patiently receives the Blow
 From such a vile, ungen'rous Foe.

Detraction all his Steps pursue,
 And holds his Errors up to view ;
 In Falsehood's Mirror, wantonly,
 Doth ev'ry Failing magnify,
 With canker'd Teeth strives to erase
 Each noble Record of his Praise :
 Beneath her baneful, wither'd Shade,
 His Strength decays, his Laurels fade,
 Her Malice, void of Truth, or Shame,
 Pours Infamy upon his Name.
 What Hero singly dares oppose
 Such unrelenting cruel Foes ;
 Or who can ever hope to rise
 Superior to such Enemies ?

" HOMER, immortal ! Bard divine !
 " Belov'd by all the sacred Nine :
 " Nature, well-pleas'd, her Stores display'd,
 " And at his Feet her Bounty laid ;

" To

- " To him her inmost Works were known,
 " And ev'ry Science was his own.
 " The Man, whose elevated Soul
 " Sublimely rang'd from Pole to Pole;
 " Borne on the Muse's Wing could rise
 " From Earth, and reach th' empyrean Skies;
 " Descending downward dar'd to show
 " The Secrets of the World below.
 " Ev'n he, despis'd, forlorn and blind,
 " Besought the Pity of Mankind:
 " Unnumber'd Woes upon his Head
 " Their cruel Storms of Sorrow shed;
 " Till kinder Death, with gentle Dart,
 " In Mercy struck his mortal Part:
 " The Soul releas'd, flew swift away
 " To Realms of everlasting Day."

SINCE, at the best, a Poet's Life
 Is one continued Scene of Strife;

Why then should I so thoughtless be,

As still to court vain Poetry?

No, No, ANACREON points the Way,

And bids me only with her play;

Nor longer rack my tortur'd Brain,

To reach some high, exalted Strain:

He bids me round my Temples twine

The Ivy, sacred to the Vine;

To Concord raise the chearful Song,

And with gay Mirth my Life prolong;

Till hoary Age, with mild Decay,

Shall steal me from the World away.

11-7-49

F I N I S.